



SCOOP!... Report from Space

BY THE
COMIC
CODE
AUTHORITY

RACE FOR THE
MOON

NOV.
NO.3

10¢

RACE FOR THE MOON



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NOV.
No. 3

FROM THE MOON TO MARS OUT TO THE DISTANT STARS YOU'LL NEVER FIND MORE COURAGEOUS AND EXCITING NEW HEROES THAN THESE MEN OF THE SPACE AGE!



SGT. BEEFY BROWN - RUGGED, ROWDY-- BUT A RIGHT GUY.

CAPTAIN KIP MCCOY - WITH AN EYE FOR ADVENTURE AND A YEN FOR ACTION.

FIGURES FARADAY - GET IN A JAM-- AND HE'LL FIGURE A WAY OUT OF IT WITH ANY SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE AT HAND!

THE THREE ROCKETEERS

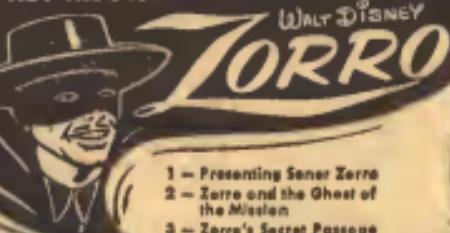
SEE THE PERILS THAT TRACK THEM ON THE AIRLESS SURFACE OF THE MOON!

BE A PART OF THEIR INVASION OF SPACE-- AS THEY BLAST OFF FROM SPACE STATION 4...

YOU'LL WANT TO FOLLOW THEM ACROSS THE VAST REACHES OF SPACE TO STRANGE WORLDS WHERE FANTASTIC MYSTERIES LIE WAITING!

THE FIRST ADVENTURE OF THE THREE ROCKETEERS BEGINS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES

HEY KIDS!! SEND FOR THE NEW



- 1 - Presenting Señor Zorro
- 2 - Zorro and the Ghost of the Mission
- 3 - Zorro's Secret Passage
- 4 - Zorro's Romance
- 5 - Zorro Goes to Church

PLUS

- 6 - Zorro Saves a Friend.
- 7 - Zorro's Ride into Terror.
- 8 - Monasterio Sets a Trap.

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THE THREE
ROCKETEERS
in

THE LONG LONG YEARS



CAPTAIN
KIP MCCOY



SGT. BREEZY
BROWN



FIGURES
FARADAY

HERE COMES
THE PRISON SHIP!
THEY'RE BRINGING
IN THE 'BIG
SHOT'!"

SPACE PLATFORM 2
U.S. SPACE FORCE

LUNAR PRISON

ONE DAY IT HAD TO HAPPEN. SOMEONE THOUGHT OF BUILDING A PRISON ON THE MOON TO HOUSE EARTH'S MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINALS. THE 'BIG SHOT' IS THE LATEST FISH TO BE BROUGHT TO SPACE PLATFORM 2 ON HIS WAY TO CONFINEMENT ON THE MOON.

SO THAT'S THE
BIG SHOT... THE
GUY WHO RAN THE
INTERNATIONAL
CRIME SYNDICATE!

HE WON'T BE RUNNING
ANYTHING FOR THE
NEXT FIFTEEN
YEARS!

DURING HIS SHORT STAY ON THE PLATFORM, THE 'BIG SHOT' IS PUT IN A CELL IN SECTION A - WHERE SERGEANT BREEZY BROWN IS IN CHARGE.

I'M NOT HARD TO
GET ALONG WITH
BIG SHOT! ALL YOU
HAVE TO DO IS
BEHAVE WHILE
YOU'RE HERE!

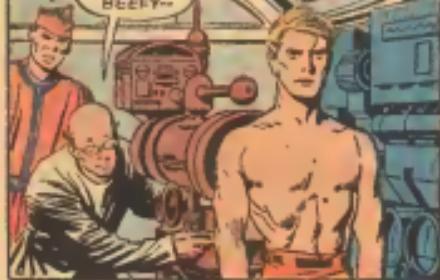
WHY DON'T YOU
GO BAWL OUT A
PRIVATE OR
SOMETHING!



BIDDEN BY RULES TO VIEN HIS EXPLOSIVE WRATH UPON THE PRISONER, BEEFY BROWN SEEKS OUT A GOOD FRIEND FOR SOLACE...

THAT "BIG SHOT" GOT A DISPOSITION LIKE A COBRA! I TELL YOU, FIGURES, IF HE KEEPS NEEDLING ME, HE'LL NEVER GET TO LUNAR PRISON!

QUIET, BEEFY...



IF THIS YOUNG MAN DOESN'T GET THIS "ION" TREATMENT HE'LL NEVER SURVIVE THE SPEED OF LIGHT ACCELERATION WHEN HE TAKES HIS TRIP TO THE STARS.

HMPH! NOW THEY'RE USING BABIES FOR THE LONG HAUL!



MOONSHIPS! PLANET CRUISERS!—AND NOW IT'S A STORMOID! WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO TEST THAT THING?

IT WILL BLAST OFF FROM LINCOLN MOON BASE AS SOON AS YOUNG BAXTER RECEIVES HIS "ION" TREATMENT!



TWO HOURS LATER, THE YOUNG STAR-PILOT IS READY TO LEAVE THE SPACE STATION FOR THE LAUNCHING SITE ON THE MOON...

THIS IS CAPTAIN MCCOY! CLEAR THAT SHIP, BOYS! I'M CHECKING IT OUT. BAXTER IS READY FOR HIS MOON JUMP!



THERE GOES BAXTER! HE'S GOT A BIG JOB AHEAD OF HIM!

SO THAT'S WHAT THE WELL DRESSED STAR-MAN WILL WEAR! WHAT AN OUTFIT!



A MOMENT LATER...





I KNOW HIM, SIR. IT'S FIGURES, FARRADAY'S OF SCIENCE SECTION! HE'S BEEN ACHING FOR SPACE DUTY...

SINCE YOU TWO ARE SUCH PALS, YOU CAN SHARE THE SAME COURT MARTIAL--AS SOON AS I'VE FINISHED WITH THE "BIG SHOT!"



CAPTAIN MOON! DOWN THERE! IT'S THE SHIP THE "BIG SHOT" ESCAPED IN!

HE MUST HAVE CRACKED UP! IF HE'S ALIVE HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR!



BUT MOMENTS AFTER THEY LAND...

HOLD IT, YOU GUYS! THAT'S AS FAR AS YOU GO!

YOU CAN'T GET ALL OF US, "BIG SHOT"! NOW GIVE UP PEACEFULLY! THERE ISN'T A SPOT IN THIS SOLAR SYSTEM THAT'S HEALTHY FOR YOU!



YEAH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M TIRED OF RUNNING ANYHOW. IF YOU WANT ME--HERE I AM!



THAT'S SHOWING COMMON SENSE, "BIG SHOT"!



OF COURSE, ON THE MOON, A MAN CAN'T SEE A SOFT PUMICE PIT UNTIL HE STEPS ON IT!

CAP! HE'S TRICKED US!



PROTECTED BY HIS HELMET A MAN CAN SURVIVE SUBMERSION - PROVIDED HE'S RESCUED BEFORE HIS OXYGEN GIVES OUT!

SO LONG CHUMPS! I'M BORROWING YOUR SHIP FOR A SHORT HOP - TO THE LINCOLN MOON BASE LAUNCHING SITE! THEN LET THEM LOOK FOR ME IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM!



SOON AFTER, AT LINCOLN MOON BASE, THE STARSHIP IS READY FOR LAUNCHING AS ITS PILOT ENTERS HIS CABIN...



A RECONNAISSANCE VEHICLE SPEEDING TOWARD THE MOON BASE SPOTS THE STARSHIP'S TAKE-OFF SECONDS LATER!

THAT FLASH! THE "BIG SHOT" GOT AWAY IN THE STARSHIP!



IT LOOKS LIKE MY RADIO SIGNALS GOT US RESCUED TOO LATE! IT'S **MY FAULT** THAT WE WALKED INTO THAT TRAP! I GUESS THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE AT A COURT MARTIAL!

BUT HE DIDN'T GET AWAY, CAPTAIN MCCOY! THAT STARSHIP WILL BE HIS CELL FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN YEARS!



WHAT?
THAT STARSHIP WAS DESIGNED TO REACH THE STAR "RIGEL" AND RETURN HERE ON AUTOMATIC CONTROL - **IN FIFTEEN YEARS!** I BELIEVE THAT WAS THE MAXIMUM SENTENCE GIVEN TO THE "BIG SHOT" BY THE COURT!



AND THE AUTHORITIES WILL BE WAITING FOR THE "BIG SHOT" WITH A **NEW CHARGE** WHEN THE SHIP BRINGS HIM BACK! BOYS! I THINK THAT JUSTICE HAS BEEN SERVED!

DESPITE OUR MISTAKES, CAPTAIN MCCOY, WE THREE OUGHT TO MAKE A GREAT TEAM! **THE THREE ROCKETEERS** ENJOY!



AND THEY WILL TOO! WATCH FOR THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF **THE THREE ROCKETEERS** AS THEY RACE INTO SPACE BEYOND THE FRONTIERS OF EARTH! DON'T MISS THEIR EXCITING EXPLOITS IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW!

"D. P."

Mario was returning home. "Home!" The word sounded soothing to him; it had a wonderful balming quality to it. He looked out the rocket ship's window and saw the familiar galaxy, the one in which he was missing for so many eons. He was returning home.

He clicked the radio to "on" and heard himself saying:

"Captain Luther Mario reporting for landing time! Do you hear me, Barrett? I want landing time!"

"This is Dispatch Ace! You're clear for Runway Time!"

Mario could hardly believe his ears. This voice was not Barrett's. It was a strange voice, thoroughly unfamiliar.

Mario switched to the reverse rocket blast and began to land, slowly, carefully. He felt a job well done as his ship backed off without the slightest jar.

But the faces he saw as he exited from his ship were not those of his long-time friends. All strange faces, alien and foreign. Inexplicably, Mario felt himself the stranger. He walked to the Reporting Desk.

He went to the Entrance Desk but the man behind the desk again was a deep, distant stranger. But Mario shrugged. He would be happily on his way home after he got by the Entrance Desk. That was the moment he waited for.

"Captain Luther Mario reporting!"

The man behind the desk was expressionless. "Just a moment," he said. Mario began to fidget nervously. He waited in tense silence as the man behind the desk scanned a list of names, shook his head sadly, and rechecked the list. He looked up at Mario.

"No, Captain Mario, you're not on the Check-In list," the man said. "You'll have to report to Operational Camp for assignment!"

"What do you mean?" Mario shouted. "I am on my way home! Just check me in and I'll be on my way!"

"Home?" the man behind the desk asked blandly. "I am afraid, Captain Mario, you have no home!"

Mario was stunned by the man's precise statement. He remained standing, almost mummified as the man continued:

"You see, Captain Mario, your space port, this satellite you call home, is in the middle of a space war between two planets. By mutual consent of the warring factions, this satellite has become neutralized. All its inhabitants have been...uh...forced to take quarters some place else. I am afraid you will have to do the same thing!"

Mario turned from the man, went to his ship. His head bowed in sullen despair, he knew his only course. As he entered the ship, he knew he would be forced to roam the galazies. His home, his beloved space port, had accidentally become a buffer zone between two powerful, warring planets. And he, Captain Mario, Galaxial Explorer, had become a Displaced Person of space.

THIS is WAR?



LOOKS MORE
LIKE A RUGGED
GAME OF
FOOTBALL
DON'T IT?
EXCEPT...
EXCEPT THAT
THE OBJECT IN
THIS SOLDIER'S
HANDS IS WORTH
A KING'S RANSOM
-- AND POSSIBLY
A NATION'S
SECURITY!



YOU'LL THRILL TO THIS
DRAMATIC ACCOUNT OF
ACTION AMONG OUR
OCCUPATION TROOPS!

SATELLITE FOOTBALL

NOW
ON
SALE

the RUBY

Al Taylor headed for home, whistling contentedly. He stopped for a cigarette and lit it. Just then he heard a strange metallic sound, as if a hammer was dropped from a great height. Taylor looked about his feet.

He saw a shapeless piece of red glass. He stooped to pick it up. It was no bigger than a quarter, thick as a coat button. There was a fascinating glint, and for such a small item, it gave off a great deal of heat. Taylor could hardly hold it.

Where did it come from? Taylor asked himself. It had to come from somewhere overhead. He looked about him. He was on level ground; empty lots and a playground.

Could it have been thrown? Taylor discounted this reason. He was all alone, with no one in sight.

"It...it looks like a ruby!" Taylor said aloud. "Hmm! Maybe it's worth something!"

He started to walk hurriedly. He wanted to get to a jeweler for an appraisal. After all, it happened before! A man finds a packet of diamonds and becomes rich. Well, he found a ruby!

After some difficulty he found a jewelry store that was opened. He rushed in, clutching the red glass.

"Yes, what can I do for you?" the jeweller asked, surprised.

"I...I want this appraised," Taylor stammered.

The jeweller took the red, shimmering object from Taylor. He fondled it, examining it as he turned it over in his hand.

"Strange!" the jeweller finally said. "I've never seen anything like this before!"

The jeweller peered through his magnifying loop. Suddenly, he gaped. He took the loop away from his face, rubbed his eyes disbelievingly, and again looked at the red object through the loop.

"Here, look for yourself!" the jeweller said, preferring both the loop and the glass to Taylor.

Taylor examined the glass under the loop. He gawked at what he saw.

There, under the loop in bold, magnified relief, Taylor saw a strange world. A range of rugged mountains that rimmed gaping holes miles deep. The land seemed pock-marked with craters and plateaus of every size and dimension.

After Taylor put down the loop, the jeweller asked:

"Where did you get this...jewel?"

"I...I found it," Taylor said. "It just fell from above!"

"From above?" the jeweler said provocatively.

Then, in a flash Taylor realized the jeweller was hinting at the Moon! All of that peculiar, diminutive world he had perceived in the little piece of glass, he had seen before in photographs of the moon. The mountains, the craters, the dried-out areas... all were exact duplicates of the moon!

WATCH OUT WHERE YOU'RE WALKING!

THAT'S IT...STEP OVER THAT COLONY OF ANTS...CAREFUL, NOW...YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO CRUSH THE ONE CREATURE SURE TO TURN BACK AN INVADING POWER, NOW WOULD YOU? INCREDIBLE? UNBELIEVABLE? PERHAPS YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND WHEN YOU READ...

KING of the ANTS

BE SURE TO GET YOUR COPY!

ALARMING TALES

NOW
ON
SALE

THE **MOON SCOUTS** SEARCHED FOR HIM-- FOUND
HIM-- AND LIVED TO WISH THEY HADN'T!

SAUCER MAN



BONIFACE SKINNER IS THE NAME... MY FELLOW MOON SCOUT **TERRY WINTERS** CALLS ME "MULE"-- BUT AT THE MOMENT WE FOUND IT --I WOULDN'T HAVE JUMPED IF HE'D CALLED ME "MAD"!

THESE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, MULE! YOU REALIZE WHAT WE'VE RUN INTO!

A FLYING SAUCER? ONLY-- THIS ONE ISN'T IN ANY SHAPE FOR FLYING!

WE'RE NOT HANGING AROUND FOR ANY MORE SURPRISES! BASE FOUR MUST KNOW ABOUT THIS RIGHT AWAY!

TERRY! ALL THIS TALK ABOUT SAUCERS-- IT'S TRUE!





YEAH, THINGS WERE QUIET ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT IN A VERY HEALTHY SENSE. WE MADE THE MISTAKE OF REMOVING OUR HELMETS WHEN WE ENTERED THE AIRLOCK IN THE TRANSPORTATION DOME!

JUST BEFORE I PASSED OUT, I HEARD A DOOR OPEN, THE SOUND OF SWIFT MOVEMENT--THEN SOMEONE WAS DRAGGING ME TOWARD THE BOTTOM OF A DARK WELL...



WHEN THE DOC TOLD US THEY HAD IT CORNERED IN "C" SECTION, TERRY AND I TOOK OFF LIKE SUPERSONIC JETS! I'LL NEVER FORGET THE SCENE WE STUMBLED IN ON!

THERE IT IS, TERRY! LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOT EVERYONE BUFFALOED!



TERRY AND I HALTED NEAR COMMANDER HILTON WHO WAS GETTING IMPATIENT WITH THE THING...

IT'S STILL MAKING THOSE HOSTILE MOVES WITH THAT GAS GADGET, GIR. I THINK ONE GOOD ANAESTHETIC BULLET WILL BREAK THIS DEADLOCK!

MASSIE, YOU'RE RIGHT! PERHAPS UNDER RESTRAINT, IT MIGHT BE IN A BETTER MOOD TO COMMUNICATE!



AS IF TO PROVE TERRY CORRECT, THE MENACING CREATURE STAGGERED AND FELL!

THIS GAS IS THE AIR HE BREATHES, ONLY IT'S ESCAPING - THAT'S WHAT HE WAS TRYING TO SAY!



SUDDENLY, TERRY BURST THROUGH THE RING OF MEN AND APPROACHED THE THING!

BUT HE IS TRYING TO COMMUNICATE! DON'T YOU SEE? HE'S IN TROUBLE!



AND THE GADGET HE'D BEEN WAVIN' WAS NOT A WEAPON! TERRY SHOWED US ITS PURPOSE!

THIS SO-CALLED GAS WEAPON IS MERELY A FILTER WHICH PURIFIES THE GAS CIRCULATING INSIDE HIS HELMET! IT WAS KNOCKED LOOSE WHEN HE WRECKED HIS SHIP!



IT WAS TYPICAL OF TERRY TO THINK FAST THAT'S WHY THE REST OF THE SPACE FORCE HAS SUCH HIGH REGARD FOR THE MEN IN THE PIONEER UNITS. SOON AFTER, IN THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE, THE MATTER WAS PUT COMPLETELY ON OUR SHOULDERS.

THE THING OUT THERE IS STILL IN BAD CONDITION! IT WILL DIE BEFORE WE CAN LEARN ENOUGH ABOUT IT TO BE OF ANY HELP! MULE?

TERRY? ANY IDEA?

I KNOW ONE THING, SIR! THAT SAUCER-JOCKEY MUST NOT DIE -- HERE!

MULE IS RIGHT, SIR!

LET'S FACE IT, SIR -- THAT THING'S GOT FRIENDS! THE IMPRESSION THEY GET OF US COULD HAVE FAR REACHING CONSEQUENCES! IF WE CAN'T HELP THIS SPACE BEING -- WE'VE GOT TO --

-- GET HIM TO THOSE WHO CAN! THAT'S OUR PROBLEM AND, SIR, EVEN IF WE DON'T SUCCEED -- WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THE TRY.



THE COMMANDER GAVE US FULL CHARGE. TERRY AND I WORKED FAST. WE COULDN'T TELL HOW LONG THE SAUCER-MAN HAD TO LIVE, BUT WE WOULD FIGHT HIS FIGHT TO THE LAST!

THE SAUCER'S DOWN THERE! LET'S DEPOSIT OUR FRIEND!



WE PUT THE LIMP SPACE BEING ON THE GROUND NEAR HIS WRECKED CRAFT! THEN WE GOT TO THE OTHER PART OF THE JOB...

OKAY, MULE! NOW FOR THE SIGNAL!



WE SCATTERED A TRILLION LITTLE MAGNETUM SUNS ABOUT THE AREA -- THE NAME FOR IT WAS "POWDERED LIGHT" AND IT SURE DID A JOB!



ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON, THE AREA WE POWDERED SHOWED UP REAL GOOD! AND THEN THEY CAME--MULE AND I COUNTED EIGHT OF THEM...



THEY PICKED UP THEIR INJURED KINSMAN AND THEN BLASTED THE WRECKED SAUCER. NOBODY WOULD EVER GET THEIR HANDS ON THAT!



THEN, THE SAUCERS WERE GONE. DAYS LATER, TERRY AND I WERE BACK ON OUR OLD ROUTINE! WE'D FOUND A NEW AREA THAT NEEDED POWDERING AROUND IN...



SUDDENLY, IT HAPPENED! A BEAM OF WHITE-HOT LIGHT STABBED DOWN FROM THE BLACK HEAVENS AND SLASHED THE MOON'S SURFACE WITH FIERY SCARS!



WE WATCHED THE SAUCER VEER MADLY ABOUT IN IMPOSSIBLE MANEUVERS--AND WHEN IT WAS THROUGH BLAZING AWAY--IT SHOT OFF INTO SPACE!



I HEARD TERRY LAUGH AND TURNED TO CALL AT HIM--UNTIL I SAW WHAT HE WAS POINTING AT!



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19 Page Four

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MOST FOR YOUR MONEY--
THE MOST ACTION--THE
BEST ILLUSTRATIONS--
STORIES THAT WILL LEAVE
YOU' BREATHLESS? THEN
THESE RIP-ROARING COMICS
ARE FOR YOU--

EVERY ONE A WINNER!
BUY 'EM! TRY 'EM!
... AND YOU'LL BUY
'EM AGAIN!!



BLAST
OFF
INTO
SPACE!



HAND
TO
HAND
COMBAT!



NOW
ON
SALE!

A
NEW
DIMENSION
OF
MYSTERY!

A LESSON IS LEARNED BY THE MEN
WHO STRUGGLE AMONG THE STARS
IN SEARCH OF GREAT REWARDS--
IT BEGINS WITH THE LINES OF AN
AGING CLICHE - ALL THAT GLITTERS
IS NOT-

SPACE GARBAGE



"IS FRIENDS WEREN'T VERY NICE TO WILEY BRECK, BUT THEN, WILEY BRECK NEVER HAD NICE FRIENDS. IN FACT, CONSIDERING THEIR PAST RECORD, WHAT THEY DID TO WILEY BRECK, CAME AS NO SURPRISE TO US WHEN WE DISCOVERED HIM..."

"WILEY BRECK! I'D
KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!"



"OF COURSE, IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME A MAN HAD BEEN SHACKLED TO AN ASTEROID AND LEFT TO DROWN WITH IT UNTIL HIS AIR GAVE OUT. IT WAS JUST THAT WILEY BRECK HAD THE MAN WHO ORIGINATED THE CUTE IDEA!"

"HE'S WANTED
BY EVERY POLICE
AGENCY IN THE
SOLAR SYSTEM!
HAUL HIM IN,
FRED!"

"WHY WASTE
OUR TIME ON
HIM? HE MAY
BE DEAD!"





EVERYONE WAS EDGY WITH BRECK AMONG US, BUT FATHER INSISTED WE MAKE ONE MORE EXPLORATORY STOP BEFORE WE GAVE UP OUR QUEST AND RETURNED TO MARS... FATHER DECIDED ON "FIDO 187"-CLASSIFIED PLANETOID SIZE!



OF COURSE THE ROCKETS BLASTED A COMFORTABLY FUSED LANDING SPOT, BUT IT TOOK AN EXPERT PILOT LIKE HARRY TO MANAGE THE LANDING ON THAT SPINY DESOLATION!



THAT'S WHAT MADE IT SO DISCOURAGING! WHICH ONE OF THESE COUNTLESS PIECES OF DRIFTING STONES HAD WHAT WE WERE SEARCHING FOR? IT WAS LIKE EXAMINING EVERY GRAIN OF SAND ON A GREAT, DARK BEACH! SUDDENLY...



IT WAS BRECK'S OPPORTUNITY AND HE TOOK IT! HE WAS ON TOP OF ME LIKE A BIG CAT!



THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE END OF THINGS FOR US THEN AND THERE--IF HARRY HADN'T RETURNED AT THAT MOMENT...



BRECK TOOK A SHOT AT HARRY AND BOLTED OFF ACROSS THAT MAD LANDSCAPE. THEN THE CHASE WAS ON!



BUT BRECK DECIDED TO MAKE A STAND. HE LEAPED FOR SHELTER AS HE FIRED!



SUDDENLY I SAW BRECK TOTTER! HE WAS STANDING ON THE EDGE OF A SMALL CRATER. HIS FOOT MUST HAVE SLIPPED--BECAUSE HE LOST HIS BALANCE AND FELL IN!



THEN, HARRY AND I WENT IN AFTER HIM!



FROM THE VERY APPEARANCE OF IT WE KNEW THAT WILEY BRECK WAS FLOATING IN A POOL OF PURE "PROGLOROMAINE" -- ENOUGH FOR UNIVERSAL USE THROUGHOUT THE SOLAR SYSTEM!

HARRY -- IF THIS SAMPLE REGISTERS "POSITIVE" OUR SEARCH IS OVER!

LETS GO, BRECK!



IT WAS A GLORIOUS MOMENT FOR US! I THINK FATHER ALMOST WEPT WHEN THE ANALYSIS PROVED US RIGHT. I SUEDE HE KNEW THIS WAS THE END OF DARKNESS FOR MILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS!

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!



YES, IT MEANT THE END OF BLINDNESS! THIS NATURAL CHEMICAL UNKNOWN TO EARTH COULD STIMULATE OR REPLACE BY SURGICAL MEANS THE HUMAN OPTIC NERVE! WE SOON TOOK OFF JOYOUSLY WITH THE GOOD NEWS!

MANKIND OWES WILEY BRECK A VOTE OF THANKS FOR TUMBLING INTO THAT CRATER! HOW IS THE CLAY IDOL?

mighty unhappy
sheila--since
harry found
those chains
for him!



IT'LL BE A NON-STOP TRIP NOW, BRECK! STRAIGHT TO MARS!

IT'S OKAY WITH ME! I'VE SPENT TOO MANY YEARS HIDING OUT IN THESE CRUMBY ASTEROIDS!



THERE ARE SO MANY, THE POLICE CAN'T FIND THE ROCK YOU'RE ON! BUT THAT'S ALL THEY'RE GOOD FOR. YOU DIDN'T FIND ANY GOLD, DID YOU?

NO, WE'RE A MEDICAL RESEARCH TEAM WE WERE CHECKING A SPACEMAN'S STORY OF A RARE CHEMICAL WE FOUND IT!



CHEMICALS! BAH! WHAT GOOD ARE THEY? WHAT GOOD ARE THOSE ROCKS DRIFTING OUTSIDE? THEY'RE NOTHING BUT GARBAGE!

SAUCE GARBAGE!



THE END

0600 A WEEK AGO MONDAY WAS COLD AND RAINY. THE METALLIC CLICK OF A SWITCH SENT LIFE ROARING THROUGH THE MOTOR AND OUR ROCKET WAS AIRBORNE.

REPORT FROM SPACE

WE'RE OFF!

SEVEN MINUTES LATER 35 MILES STRAIGHT UP WE HIT THE STRATOSPHERE. IN OUR EXCITEMENT, WE DIDN'T ACCOUNT FOR "THIN AIR." THE FIRST MATE GASPED...

...PRESSURIZE CABINS! ...OXYGEN FOR ALL QUARTERS! HURRY!

THE OXYGEN RESTORED THE CHOKING CREW WHILE THE ACCELEROMETER SHOWED US TO BE 140 MILES UP AND THERE WAS A SLIGHT INCREASE IN "AIR-DRAST."

CAPTAIN, WHAT ARE THOSE BRIGHT LIGHTS IN FRONT OF US?

AURORAS! BR-B IT'S GETTING COLDER! TEMPERATURE HAS DROPPED EIGHTY DEGREES — HOW ABOUT SOME HEAT?

AT 1600 FEET UP WE HIT VIOLENT ELECTRICAL STORMS AND FALLING METEORS. THE CAPTAIN CALLED THE AIR LAYER, THE MESOSPHERE.

WOW! IT'S ROUGH UP HERE!

WE'LL BE OUT OF THIS IN A FEW MINUTES! RELAX!



THE CAPTAIN WAS RIGHT. WE ROSE ABOVE THE STORM AND SEEMED TO GLIDE INTO A VOID...THIS WAS SPACE... EARTH'S GRAVITY FULL CEASED AND OUR JOURNEY INTO SPACE BEGAN IN EARNEST!

JUST A POINT OF INFORMATION, GENTLEMEN... WE'VE PASSED THROUGH VARIOUS LAYERS OF ATMOSPHERE... ALL OF THEM PROTECT THE EARTH! AND...

...WITHOUT THEM, EARTH WOULD LOOK LIKE THIS!

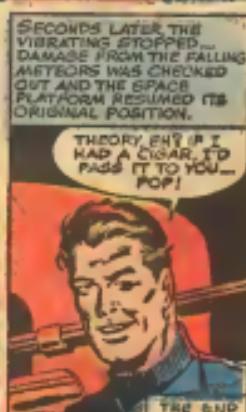
GULP! ...A BALL OF ICE!



THE END

REPORT FROM SPACE

BABY



THE END

THE PLANET WAS PERFECT! IT WAS AS IF NATURE HAD DELIBERATELY DESIGNED IT TO PLEASE THE SPACE-WEARIED EARTH-MEN! BUT IS THAT REALLY NATURE'S WAY? WAS THIS TRULY A ...

GARDEN OF EDEN



THERE WERE NO WORDS TO DESCRIBE THE BEAUTY OF THAT PLANET WE WENT BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEM EXPECTING ANYTHING BUT WHAT WE FOUND -- PARADISE!

SAY! LOOK WHAT'S COMING BACK WITH CAPTAIN JAMES -- A GIRL!

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL -- LIKE EVERYTHING ON THIS PLANET!



I'M KIP ROGERS, SPACEMAN 1ST CLASS! -- DOOLEY FORBES, CAPTAIN JAMES AND I WERE A SURVEY TEAM, GORT OF ADVANCE SCOUTS FOR EARTH'S EXPANSION TO THE OUTER STAR SYSTEMS...

WOW, CAPTAIN! WHERE DID YOU FIND HER?

SHE FOUND ME! A ONE GAL RECEPTION COMMITTEE -- AND GUESS WHAT?





THE CAPTAIN WAS WATCHING ALL RIGHT! HE WAS LIKE A MAN CONSTANTLY ON GUARD--WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO MATERIALIZE--ALTHOUGH, FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I COULDN'T SEE WHAT! THIS PLACE WAS PERFECT--AN ENTIRE PLANET LIKE A GARDEN OF EDEN, THEN ONE DAY...



GOSH, CAPTAIN! YOU KNOW THAT SURVEY MEN CAN STAY ON A PLANET UNTIL THE RESEARCH ROCKETS SHOW UP TO TAKE OVER!

YES! WHY THE BIG RUSH, CAPTAIN? THEY'RE NOT DUE FOR TWO MONTHS YET!

THEY'RE NOT COMING! I'M GOING TO WARN THEM--THAT THIS PLACE IS A TRAP!



THE GROUND SUDDENLY Erupted IN FLAME! THEN, THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN FAST!



THE VEGETATION, NO LONGER THINGS OF BEAUTY,
LASHED OUT AT US LIKE ANGRY BRUTES!



IT IS THE PLANET! DON'T YOU SEE? IT'S BEEN THE PLANET ALL ALONG!

THE GROUND SEEMED TO RECOIL LIKE A LIVING THING AS THE CAPTAIN BLASTED HIMSELF LOOSE FROM AN AREA THAT SOFTENED UNDER HIM AND ALMOST DREW HIM IN!



GAS-SPHERES WOULD HAVE BEEN A BETTER NAME FOR THEM! THEY RELEASED AN ETHER-LIKE VAPOR WHEN THEY EXPLODED! WE JUST ABOUT STAGGERED THROUGH ON FEET IN THAT DANGEROUS HAIL!

INSIDE, QUICK! IF WE CAN BLAST OFF BEFORE THE PLANET DECIDES TO WRECK THE SHIP—



THE CAPTAIN'S MEANING BEGAN TO DAWN ON ME WHEN WE WERE ALL INSIDE AND READY TO LEAP FOR THE SKY!

CAPTAIN, DO YOU MEAN THAT THE PLANET ITSELF IS ATTACKING US?

EXACTLY!

WE WERE HARDLY OFF THE SURFACE WHEN AN IMMENSE WALL OF WATER SWEEPT TOWARD US!

ANIZAAR IS A LIVING, INTELLIGENT ORGANISM OF PLANETARY SIZE! THE GIRL WAS JUST AN ILLUSION!

HE MOLDED HER FROM HIS OWN ATOMIC STRUCTURE IN ORDER TO COMMUNICATE WITH US! HE TURNED HIS ENTIRE PLANETARY SURFACE INTO A GARDEN OF EDEN TO KEEP US CONTENT!

AND WHEN WE DECIDED TO TAKE OFF HE GREW ANGRY AND SHOWED US HIS TRUE SELF!

THE WHOLE SETUP MADE ME SUSPICIOUS! IT WAS TOO PERFECT—AS IF NATURE ITSELF WAS TRYING TO PLEASE US! AND THAT ISN'T NATURE'S WAY!

IMAGINE! A PLANET THAT'S ACTUALLY ALIVE: WHAT A DISCOVERY, CAPTAIN!

IMAGINE HOW ANIZAAR FELT WHEN WE ARRIVED MICROBES THAT FLEW ABOUT IN SPACE SHIPS!—HE WANTED TO STUDY US—FIND OUT EVERYTHING ABOUT US! I COULDN'T LET HIM DO THAT!...

—NOT UNTIL WE LEARN MORE ABOUT HIM—AND HIS POWERS! WHEN THE RESEARCH BOYS HEAR ABOUT THIS, ANIZAAR WILL HAVE MORE COMPANY THAN HE CAN HANDLE!

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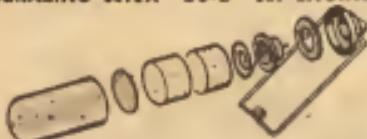


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